MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

VOL. 1, PLYMOUTH, IND., MARCH 13, 1856. NO. 18.

Selected Poetry.

OLDEN MEMORIES.

BY J. H. BIXBY.

Hours there are when fancies olden
Come unbidden to my soul—
Fancies of youth's glad and golden
Season o'er me roll.

When I rove in pleasant places,
Shadowy wood or sunny plain,
Dearest old familiar faces,
Meet my glance again.

Meet the glance of teeming fancy,
Thrill and fill my loneliness;
O, what rarest necromancy
Memory has to bless.

Life than this spell, hath no brighter;
Though ye fail the gay to please,
Ye do make my sad heart lighter,
Olden memories!

THE RESCUE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

It was an autumnal evening—the forests had begun to don their robes of gorgeous colors. The fields, shorn of their harvest treasures, lay like golden lakelets in the rich and mellow sunset. The noble Highlands, like giant warriors, clothed in their canopy of rocks and foliage, threw their sullen shadows far upon the glorious Hudson, which, rolling along its path of beauty, gleamed like a fallen rainbow in the innumerable tints of accidental glory. The first star was twinkling on the brow of twilight, when a barge was seen to leave the promontory off West Point, in the neighborhood of which we locate our narrative, in the year 1782. In it were several persons attired in the military costume of that period, who, with well measured strokes of their oars, made their small boat dart over the golden waters like a ray of light. In the stern was seated a man about fifty years of age. His head was uncovered, and revealed to view a wide and capacious brow; his features were marked and masculine; his mouth which was peculiarly characterized by the closeness of the lips, gave to him a look of determination, yet in no way impaired the mild and benignant expression which reigned over his general aspect. Like the others of the boat, he wore a dark blue coat with broad buff facings, closely buttoned to the throat, heavy gold epaulets, buckskin small clothes, high military boots, with spurs of steel, while a belt of buff encircled his waist, in which he wore a straight sword. Reader, it was General Washington.

As the barge gained the opposite shore, one of the rowers leaped upon the bank, and made it fast to the root of a willow which flung its graceful boughs over the river. The rest of the party then landed, and, uncovering, saluted their commander, who respectfully returned the courtesy.

'By ten o'clock you may expect me,' said Washington. 'Be cautious—look well that you are not surprised. These are no times for trifling.'

'Depend upon us,' replied one of the party.

'I do,' he responded, and bidding them farewell, departed along the bank of the river.

That evening a party was to be given at the house of one of his old and valued friends, to which he, with several other American officers, had been invited. It was seldom that he participated in festivity, more especially at that period, when every moment was fraught with danger; nevertheless, in respect to an old acquaintance, by the solications of Miss Ruby Rugsdale, the daughter of the host, he had consented to relax from the toils of military duty, and honor the party for a few hours with his presence.

After continuing his path along the river's side for a few moments, he struck into a narrow road, bordered thickly with brushwood, tinted with a thousand dyes of departed summer. Suddenly a crashing among the branches was heard, and, like a deer, a young Indian girl bounded into the path, and stood full in his presence. He started back with surprise, and laid his hand upon his sword; but the Indian only fell upon her knee, placed her finger upon her lips, and by a sign with her hand forbade him to proceed.

'What seek you, my wild flower?' asked the General. She started to her feet, drew a small tomahawk from her belt of wampum, and imitated the act of scalping an enemy—then, again waiving her hand as if forbidding him to advance, she darted into the bushes, leaving him lost in amazement.

'There is danger,' said he to himself, after a pause, and recovering from his surprise. 'The Indian's manner betokens me no good; but my trust is in God; he has never yet deserted me.' And resuming his way, he soon reached the mansion of Rufus Rugsdale.

His appearance was the signal for joy among the party assembled, each of whom vied with the others to do him honor. Although grave in council and bold in war, in the bosom of domestic bliss no one knew better how to render himself agreeable.—Protestations of friendship and welcome were warmly tendered by the host Fast and thickly the guests were assembling; the smile, the laugh, and the mingling music rose joyously around. But alas! a serpent lurked amid the flowers!

In the midst of their hilarity, the boom of a cannon burst suddenly upon the air, startling the guests and suspending the dance. Washington and his officers looked at each other in surprise; but their fears were quickly dispelled by Rugsdale, who assured them that it was only a discharge of ordnance in honor of his distinguished visitors.

The joy of the moment was again resumed; but the gloom of suspicion had fallen upon the spirit of Washington who now, in moody silence, sat apart from the happy throng.

A slight tap upon his shoulder at length roused him from his abstraction, and looking up, he saw the person of the Indian girl standing in the bosom of a myrtle bush close by his side.

'Ha! again here!' he exclaimed with astonishment; but she motioned him to be silent, and kneeling at his feet, presented him with a boquet of flowers. Washington received it, and was about to place it to his breast, when she grasped him firmly by the arm, and pointing to it, said in a whisper, '*Snake! Snake!*' and the next moment mingled with the company, who appeared to recognize and welcome her as one well known and esteemed.

Washington regarded the boquet with wonder; he saw nothing in it to excite suspicion; her words and singular appearance had, however, sunk deeply into his heart, and looking closer upon the nosegay, to his surprise he saw a small piece of paper in the midst of the flowers. Hastily he drew it forth, and, confounded and horror stricken, read: '*Beware! you are betrayed!*' It was now apparent that he was within the den of the tiger; but to quit it abruptly might draw the consummation of treachery the speedier upon his head. He resolved, therefore, to disguise his feelings, and trust to that power which had never forsaken him. The festivities were renewed, but soon again disturbed by a second discharge of the cannon. The guests now begun to regard each other with distrust, while many and moody were the glances cast upon Rugsdale, who showed symptoms of uneasiness, while ever and anon he looked from the window upon the broad green lawn which extended to the river's edge, as if in expectation of some one's arrival.

'What can detain them?' he muttered to himself. 'Can they have deceived me?—Why answer they not the signal?' At this moment a bright flame arose from the river, illuminating for a moment the surrounding scenery, and showing a small boat, filled with persons, making rapidly towards the shore. 'All's well,' he continued; 'in three minutes more I shall be the possessor of a coronet, and the cause of the republic be no more.' Then, turning to Washington, he said:

'Come General, pledge me to the success of our armies.' The eyes of Rugsdale, at that moment, encountered the scrutinizing look of Washington, and sunk to the ground, his hand trembled violently—even to so great a degree as to partly spill the contents of the goblet. With difficulty he conveyed it to his lips; then returning to the window, he waived his hand, this action was immediately responded to by a third discharge of the cannon, and the English anthem of 'God save the King,' burst in full volume upon the ear, and a band of men attired in British uniform, with their faces hidden with masks, entered the apartment. The American officers drew their swords, but Washington, cool and collected, stood with his arms folded on his breast, and quietly remarked to them. 'Be calm, gentlemen, this is an honor we did not anticipate.' Then, turning to Rugsdale, he said, 'Speak, sir, what does this mean?'

'It means,' replied the traitor, placing his hand upon the shoulder of Washington, 'that you are my prisoner. In the name of King George, I arrest you!'

'Never!' exclaimed the General. 'We may be cut to pieces, but surrender we will not; therefore, give way!' and he waived his sword to the guard, who stood with their muskets leveled, as if ready to fire should he attempt to escape. In an instant were their weapons reversed, and dropping their masks, to the horror of Rugsdale, and the agreeable surprise of Washington, his own brave party, whom he had left in charge of the barge, stood revealed before him!

'Seize that traitor!' exclaimed the commander. 'In ten minutes let him be a spectacle between the heavens and the earth.' The wife and daughter clung to his knees in supplication, but an irrevocable vow had passed his lips, that never should treason again receive his forgiveness after that of the miscreant Arnold. 'For my own life,' he said, while the tears rolled down his noble countenance at the agony of the wife and daughter, 'I heed not; but the liberty of my native land, the welfare of millions demands this sacrifice; for the sake of humanity I pity him, but by my oath, and now, in the presence of heaven, I swear I will not forgive him.'

Like a thunderbolt fell these words upon the heart of the wife and daughter. They sank lifeless into the arms of the domestics, and when they recovered consciousness, Rugsdale had atoned for his treason by the sacrifice of his life.

It appeared that the Indian girl, who was an especial favorite, and domesticated in the family, had overheard the intention of Rugsdale to betray the American General and other valuable officers that evening into the hands of the British, for which purpose they had been invited to this '*Feast of Judas.*' Hating in her heart the enemies of America, who had driven her tribe from their forests, she resolved to frustrate the design, and consequently waylaid the steps of Washington as we have described; but failing in her noble purpose, she had resource to the party left in possession of the boat.

Scarcely had she imparted her information, and the shadows of night closed around, when a company of British soldiers were discovered making their way rapidly towards the banks of the Hudson, within a short distance of the spot were the American party was waiting the return of their commander. Bold in the cause of liberty, and knowing that immediate action could alone preserve him, they rushed upon and overpowered them, stripped them of their uniforms and arms, bound them hand and foot, placed them in their boat, under the charge of two of their companions, and sent them to the American camp at West Point. Having disguised themselves in the habiliments of the enemy, they proceeded to the house of Rugsdale, where, at the appointed time and sign, made known to them by the Indian, they opportunely arrived to the relief of Washington, and the confusion of the traitor.

Dog Trains.

It is well known that the Lake Superior mineral region is situated in high northern latitudes, and is inaccessible in winter for steamboats, or overland by teams. The inhabitants keep up an occasional communication with the world by means of dog trains, which convey the mails and light articles of traffic. A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald, writing from Eagle river, gives an interesting account of this mode of traveling. After stating the different routes to the settlements, none of which present a beaten, or even a well-defined track, he goes on to speak as follows:

Such are the frozen spaces over which a score of Indian half-breeds and their dogs carry and draw the letters and papers destined for our amusement and information. A man carries from fifty to seventy-five pounds, and from thirty to fifty miles.—His two dogs go before him with a sledge or shed with a flat board bottom, and draw two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds.

This load, however, is not all letters and packages. All men must eat and an Indian in particular. He must carry a half ax or hatchet, a plenty of blankets, and something for his dogs to eat, as well as himself. What can be more desolate than such a journey? Yet many persons from here make the trip every winter on business, in company with the mail.

Sometimes they have the trail of a previous party, but the snow, which falls almost every day, soon obliterates their footsteps. Perhaps there is a line of blazed trees which they follow, but more often they are guided through the forest by the 'make of the ground,' or by the sun, if it should occasionally peep through the mists and snows of a winter sky.

Thus they go, from the first dawn of day to the twilight of evening; over lakes and mountains, through swamps and thickets that in summer would be impassable, but now smoothed up level with snow.

The universal ever-green trees are bending to the ground with a load of snow on their branches, that frequently obstruct the way.

This dismal procession of Indians; white men and dogs, go in single file, a few feet apart, and for hours they travel on, at the hight of their speed, without a word or a laugh.

It is too much of a task to clear away the snow, start a fire, heat the water, thaw the bread, and prepare a forest meal, to stop for it at noon. But at evening, when the shades of hyperborean night begin to gather among the branches of the trees, and the northern winds howl more earnestly, the company look about for a shelter-place in some ravine where there is water, and some dry wood for a fire, and there deposit their load of blankets and provision. They scrape away the snow with their snow-shows, down to the ground, thus making a wall of frost around them three or four feet high.

Some cut wood for the night, others break off the boughs of the pine, balsam or cedar, and lay them down for a bed. Another procures some birch bark that is dry and some dry sticks, and soon, striking fire by his flint and steel, or his matches, has a cheerful flame with its grateful heat enlivening the place.

It is also necessary to build a lodge or house of boughs overhead to keep off the falling snow, under which they all gather and cook their supper with great glee. If a camp of Indians has been passed during the day, there will be fresh venison, that will occupy the best position around the fire, suspended upon the sharp points of limber sticks set in the ground and leaning towards the heat. There may be, however, only some salt pork, or ham and flour, made edible by a short-handled frying-pan and some water.

It would astonish city people to see the quantity of such materials that disappear on such an occasion. The meal or rather the feast, is really intended for the whole of the next twenty-four hours. When it is finished, the party begin to unpack their feet and their blankets.

The various articles that the feet are sandaled in for winter are so numerous and so peculiar, that I must defer the description till another time.

The blankets being well spread, the fire made for the night, the dogs fed, and the dishes washed, the crowd, animal and mortal, Indian and white, doubles itself together in most friendly contiguity, and goes to sleep. Long before daylight the inmates of this snow-bound lodging are in motion. The sounds that issue from it are English, French and Indian, and all grades of language composed of a mixture of them all. The moccasins are taken down from their drying places, the hasty morning repast which was cooked the night before, is swallowed, the packs are made up, the dogs harnessed, and all made ready for a start at the first light of day. What piteous howlings these dogs set up as they are attached to the train! The human part of the cavalcade sling their packs, and all betake themselves again to the dreary labors of the day.

Thus is kept up a stream of commercial intelligence from Montreal, by the way of Lake Superior, the Lake of the Woods, and Lake Winnipeg to the heads of the Pacific Ocean. No matter at what expense, nor in what climate or season, either by land or water, wherever on the surface of the globe she has a resident subject—on the Artic Sea, or on a desolate Island, perhaps a mere rock—wherever an Englishman wishes to practice trade, there will be provided for him some stated means of communicating with England. For the benefit of the fur trade in North America, there is a monthly trade across the continent, and in the severity of winter it is by the dog train that this long and dreary route is maintained.

A train or sledge is a very simple affair. It is merely a thin board of birch or sugar-tree, from eight to fourteen inches wide, and four to eight feet long. At one end it is bent upward in the form of a sleigh runner. It may be painted and decorated fantastically, as our sleighs are. The dog has a little harness, with a pad or collar on his neck, and traces attached to the forepart of the sledge. The load is strapped to the concern very tight, so that when it tumbles over in crossing logs or brush, the driver who is walking behind, brings it up again with a jerk, and on they go.

There may be one, two, three, or four dogs, and they may be two abreast or all tandem, or two abreast and one as a leader. These servile, sheepish-looking dogs are decorated with ribbons, work hard, get little to eat, and are awfully thrashed into the bargain. When the train stops they lie down in the snow; and when their feet become sore and bleed, as they often do, they howl most dolorously when they are admonished to go.

I commenced, however, with the pedals of men, not of dogs—with moccasins, shoe packs, and the like. Noah Webster may have been a very learned man, but it seems he never saw a 'shoe-pack,' or a 'nepe.'—So your readers will get no light on those articles from him.

Every truly-civilized gentleman knows that leather is, *per se*, no more calculated to warm the feet, or to keep them warm, than rolled zinc or sheet iron. It will sometimes keep out water, and sometimes it won't. But the moccasins and shoe-packs of the Indian there are no remembrances of feet benumbed and rendered bloodless by compression, of suffering toes, and corns.

The 'shoe-pack' is merely a moccasin made of tanned leather, the black side in. The 'nepe' is a square piece of blanket, large enough to cover the foot and ankle; and both shoe-packs and moccasins are made of such liberal dimensions, that after two pairs of socks are put on the feet, two pairs of nepes may be wraped about them, and the moccasin fit easy over all. A pair of feet thus equipped, have the appearance of a gouty subject—bandaged and swathed to keep away the twinges. Yet nothing is farther removed from twinges than moccasins. Every toe and every joint, is left as free to move as if nothing incumbered them. No suffering from the cold and frost, no matter how severe the weather, or how wet the feet may be. In clear cold winter times, the snow is so dry that it does not melt and wet the soft spungy skin of which the moccasin is made. The whole gear is light, and within it the member remains as warm and comfortable as a mouse in his nest.

The Indian knows no corns. He has no more conception of cold feet than an African under the equator has of ice. He is cold everywhere else before he is cold in his feet.

I know an old man in Ohio, who had been a prisoner with the Wyandots. He was liberated, but could never be persuaded to give up his moccasins.

In deep snows no one can travel without another article called a snow-shoe. The print it makes upon the ground resembles a small balloon, and the tracks of the traveler look like anything but the impression of a human foot. They are two to two and a half feet long, and six to eight inches wide, composed of a rim or bow bent in the form of the cords of a balloon, and interlaced in every direction with deer-skin thongs like net-work. The toes are put into a loop near the forepart of the 'racket'—as some call it—and the thong which forms the loop goes round the ankle.

To see them no one would suspect they were designed for walking; yet all surveying in the winter is performed on them.—New beginners are liable to a swelling of the tandoms of the ankle and leg, and often become entirely helpless. Many are the sad tales of suffering told by men who have been abandoned and left alone in the depths of a northern wilderness to recover their strength.

Remember that such parties, unless they have dogs, only carry what will answer for a given number of days. If they should all stop, they would all starve. The usual course is to shorten the allowance of those who can go on, and thus increase the stock of those who are left. If they recover and come on, it is very well; if not, some one is sent back with provisions. The remedy is a simple one but not always effectual.—They burn the place with fire, or a hot stone, so as to create a sore at the surface. The French call this disease the '*mal de racket.*'

A Word to the Ladies.

The old adage aptly says, 'An ounce of preventative is worth a pound of cure.'—When we consider how fatal a disease consumption is, and how comparitively easy it is to avoid it, we are more than ever impressed with the truth of this old proverb. During the last few days we have been amazed, indeed, at the folly of women, whom we have seen promenading the streets, with the snow a foot deep at the crossing, in low, paper-thick shoes, thinner than the thinnest worn by men in the summer time. Will the sex ever exhibit common sense in regard to this matter.—There is but one proper covering for the foot of a woman, in either cold or sloppy weather, and that is a Wellington boot, such as every gentleman uses. In fact the protection which it affords to the legs especially against wet, is, more necessary in the case of women than of men, because in such a case the damp flaps against calfskin or morocco, instead of the limb. We are glad to see that within a few years those high boots are beginning to be worn by the ladies; but they are by no means universal, as they ought to be, and it is a pity that the leaders of fashion would set the example, both of walking, and of wearing water-proof boots.

Daily walking is as requisite to health as the wearing of impervious shoes. The wives and daughters of our rich men, who never take exercise except in a carriage, are undermining their constitutions quite as effectually as those of their own sex, who unable to keep coaches yet imitate them in wearing their drawing room shoes. The one injured by wet feet, the other by want of proper exercise. It is a common thing, at this inclement season of the year, to hear ladies congratulate themselves on their warm rooms, yet often these furnace heated apartments are only less deleterious than the unprotected hovel of the beggar. We often enter parlors where the thermometer is 80 where the air is fairly scorched, and where to cap the climax, every door is shut so to exclude the possibility of ventilation. Yet many females remain in such rooms, at this season of the year, week after week, without once going out, especially if they are in circumstances too good to compel them to work for a livelihood, yet not good enough to enable them to keep a carriage. The consequences are impaired digestion, hypocritical affections, or incessant head-aches, excessive liability to catch cold, and, what some will think more than all, loss of color and beauty.

There are therefore, two faults characteristic of American women—one a neglect to exercise, and the other a too thin style of dress in winter. Every female, who can possibly do it, ought to walk in the open air from one to two hours every day. If suitable clothing was worn, and especially if the feet were properly protected, a daily walk even in winter, would be conducive to health and loveliness than all the panaceas ever concocted or all the drugs prescribed by the faculty. It would give elasticity to the step, bloom to the cheek, brilliancy to the eye, gay spirits, brightness of intellect, sound slumber—every blessing in short, that vigorous physical health bestows, and of which, alas! so many American women particularly know nothing. Vitality would be strong and high, the deficiency of which, in most cases, is the beginning of consumption. The lungs, too, would have needful play; no one can go out on a branchy winter morning without inflating the lungs fully; and the air at such time is always the purest. If you would live to a good old age; if you would enjoy fife while living; if you would add to personal charms, dress warm and dry, and take daily exercise in the open air. Let nothing keep you in doors but inclement weather; but be always clothed to defy cold and wet, especially to your feet. *Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞ 'Willie,' said a doting parent at the breakfast table to an abridged edition of himself, who had just entered the grammar class at the high school, 'willie, my dear, will you pass the butter?' 'Thirtainly, thir—taktheo me to pasthe anything. Butter ith a common substhantive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot buckwheat caketh, and is governed my thugar house molatheths understhood.

From the True (Arkansas) Democrat.

A Buring Mountain in Scott County Arkansas

R. H. JOHNSON, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Our quidnuncs here have been busy for the last week, gathering reports concerning a veritable volcano found in Scott county, in this State. Some five weeks since a singular and apparently subteranean noise was heard here, and attributed to various causes and about which there has been much speculation.

A man from Scott county tells us that on Christmas day a hunter, while attempting to cross Deer Creek Mountain, in T. 5, N. R. 26 W., found the top of the mountain to be on fire, vomiting smoke, and through fissures in its sides, emitting volumes of vapor. The hunter, whose name is Gibson, says, that for a space of several acres around the top, the trees are dead or dying, evidently destroyed by the heat at their roots, and the leaves apparently withered during the summer. At night the mountain can be seen for miles, the smoke then giving a lurid light.

About eighteen months ago, a report or explosion was heard in the vicinity of the now burning mountain, and no doubt but that the volcano then first appeared and has been forming and growing since.—Either another eruption of that mountain produced the singular noise heard here lately, which was also heard in different directions as far as a hundred miles, or it was occasioned by a bursting or heaving up of the earth at a point in this county nearly opposite Pittsburg, and not far from the residence of D. Harkwike. Some persons have lately discovered a place where there has been a late eruption, at which vast quantities of earth, mud and rocks had been thrown up with great violence. It was probable that the solution of the mysterious noise heard lately was at a point on the river, in this county, and that the burning mountain in Scott county has been gradually increasing in volcanic action for the past year. We are promised here a particular account and description of it by a gentleman who has gone to visit it, when I shall be able to furnish you a more accurate report of it.

Within the last fifteen years several eruptions have occurred in this and adjoining counties, but were not much noticed, being in the mountains and remote from settlements.

I think we will get some of our scientific men, Manley for instance, to visit and examine these places, particularly the volcano, in Scott county, and describe them as they should be described.

There is no doubt from the character of our informant that the burning mountain in Scott county, is really a volcano, and it is very probable that the mysterious noise heard lately has some connection with it.

I will write again, when I shall gain further information from the parties who propose to visit the volcano. Respectfully your servant. J. W. W.

Thinks I to Myself.

We are indebted to a worthy and observing friend for many of the following hints:

When I see a mass of chips accumulated in a farmers back yard, remaining year after year, thinks I to myself, if the coarse ones were raked off they would serve for fuel, while the addition of soap-suds, &c., from the house would afford a valuable source of manure.

When I see a convex barn-yard, thinks I to myself, there is comparatively but little manure made there.

When I see the banks of manure resting against a barn during the summer season; serving only to rot the building; thinks I to myself, that manure might be better employed.

When I see a barn-yard not well supplied with materials for making manure, thinks I to myself, that man suffers loss for want of care.

When I see a piece of hoed ground in a mowing field, and the turf, stalks and stones that were carried out by the plow not connected together, thinks I to myself, there is something glorious in this case.

When I see plowing year after year, in the same track; beside a fence or gully, till a dike of considerable height is thrown up, and of course, a corresponding leanness in the interior, thinks I to myself, there is want of good husbandry.

When I see a fruit tree loaded with twice the top necessary for bearing well; and this perhaps nearly dead, thereby keeping the needed rays of sun from the under crop, thinks I to myself, there is an indication of bad husbandry.

When I see stone piled round the trunk of a fruit tree, thinks I to myself, here is an invitation to suckers and mice, and if dull sythes should follow it would not be very strange.

When I see a farmer selling his ashes for ten cents a bushel, thinks I to myself, that farmer had better give his purchaser ten cents to leave them for his corn and grain.

When I see the drainings of the barn-yard finding their way into gullies and rivulets while with small expense, they might be thrown on to a valuable swell or declivity, thinks I to myself, that farmer is blind to his own interest.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE YANKEE WHO CAN'T STAND THE 'FIXENS.'—An impressionable Yankee thus describes his experience of the society of the fair sex:

A little glove stirs up my heart as tides stir up the ocean,
As new white muslin when it fits, wakes many a curious notion,
All sorts of lady fixens thrills my feelings as they'd orter,
But little female gaiter boots are death, and nothin in shorter.

'Business before pleasure,' as the man said when he kissed his own wife before going out to kiss his neighbor's.

The greatest English philosopher was Bacon, one of the finest Scotch poets, Hogg, and one of the pleasantest British essayists Lamb.